Will leaue the French, and cleaue vnto our King,
For shame yee Peeres of *England* suffer not
Your selues, your honours, and your Land to fall:
But with resolued thoughts beate backe the French,
And free the land from yoke of seruitude.
Salisb. Philip not so, Lord *Lewis* is our King.
And we will follow him vnto the death.
Pand. Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curse the Prince and all that take his part,
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres,
As traytors to the King and to the Pope.
Lew. Pandulph, our swords shal blesse our selues agen:
Prepare thee *Iohn*, Lords follow me your King. *Exeunt.*
Iohn. Accursed *Iohn* the Diuell owes thee shame,
Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, all's one.
The Diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and France:
Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest.
Pand. Comfort thy selfe King *Iohn*, the Cardinall goes
Vpon his curse to make them leaue their armes. *Exit.*
Bast. Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardinall,
Betake your selfe to armes, my troupes are prest
To answer *Lewis* with a lusty shocke:
The English Archers haue their quiuers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pikes are prest to push:
Good cheere my Lord, King *Richards* fortune hangs
Vpon the plume of warlike *Philips* helme.
Then let them know his brother and his sonne
Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes.
Iohn. Philip I know not how to answer thee:
But let vs hence, to answer *Lewis* pride.

Excursions. Enter Meloun *with English Lords.*

Mel. O I am slaine, Nobles, *Salisbury*, *Pembrooke*,
My soule is charged, heare me: for what I say
Concernes the Peeres of England, and their State.

Listen

Listen, braue Lords, a fearfull mour
To be deliuered by a man of death.
Behold these scarres the dole of blo
Are harbingers from natures comm
Citing this truncke to *Tellus* prison
Lifes charter (Lordings) lasteth no
And fearfull thoughts forerunners
Bids me giue Phisicke to a sickly so
O Peeres of England, know you wh
There's but a hayre that sunders yo
The hooke is baited, and the traine
And simply you run doting to your
But lest I dye and leaue my tale vnto
With silence slaughtering so braue
This Fauerre, if *Lewis* win the day,
There's not an Englishman that lif
Against King *Iohn* to plant the heir
But is already damnd to cruell deat
I heard it vow'd; my selfe amongst t
Swore on the Altar ayde to this Edi
Two causes Lords, makes me displa
The greatest for the freedome of my
That longs to leaue this mansion fre
The other on a naturall instinct,
For that my Grandsire was an Engli
Misdoubt not Lords the truth of m
No frenzie nor no brainsicke idle fi
But well aduis'd, and wotting what
Pronounce I here before the face o
That nothing is discouered but a tr
Tis time to flye, submit your selues t
The smiles of France shade in the fr
Lift vp your swords, turne face aga
Expell the yoke thats framed for yo
Backe warremen, backe, imbowell
Your seate, your nurse, your birthd

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)